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In the sunlight and the shower.

Is there such another, pray, Wonder-making month as May? BLUE LARKSPUR.

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Howe and any other pattern. Will sell the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six (6) drawers. for \$36.00, but I cannot put the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six (6) drawers. for \$36.00, but I cannot put the Will sell the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six (6) drawers. for \$36.00, but I cannot put the Weare receiving New Fresh goods by ever boat, plain and Surah Silks in black and Colors; Henriperice. Having sold machines for nearly fourteen years, gives me a chance to know something of the tricks which others practice on those who are not the solution of the daughter of the daughter of the solution of the daughter of the daughter of the solution of the daughter of the daughter of the solution of the daughter was the bit of a blonde girl named mantic history. Her parents were Castleton. herself, and most charmingly in emotion. rosewood and blue damask. She had canaries, and a paroquet, and air, he asked: King Charles spaniel, and a maid

> was of a bright gold color, her ence; and the mild, sweet tone cheeks rose pink, and her eyes always made me think of blue larkspur, they were so deeply and company sat spell bound until sad glowingly blue. I have seen the denly the revealed musician laid anything else; and they did not phrases and expressions of gratithey were always that deep, steady unaftered blue. I have seen her awe thank you wear dresses and sacques of the

> same shade. going to break his heart for her, thought she had heard what he after all, and that the beauty of said. the boarding house would not fur nish me with a story.

Manchester,-all bright, agreeable, marriageable young men, and all with the same amusing naivete. dimirers of Florence Castleton. Finally there was another, but he was too plain and bashful to be admitted to the elegant ranks of Miss no one thought of his being any Estimates furnished on application. was plain in dress, and evidently a smiling matter for a poor honest straightened in means. He had one fellow like David Atwood to get in E. H. Benson

manner. light, yellowish gray, the nose and mouth large, and a characteristic blush rising and paling continually.

His spile was appeared at the presence.

He would turn pale every time she spoke to him, and once when the property of the property to he would be property to her wou that there was yet some sense and

real worth left in the world. ful. And Florence Castleton often summer. joined the laugh, silverly; yet no one offered him any disrespett. Indeed, they all acknowledged him

Florence Castleton had a retty blue and gold," said Dick Manches voice for singing, and used toplay ter. upon a guitar, a beautitul oib in-laid with pearl which her guardian Mr. Atwood?" said Florence, lookhad given her. One evening, ater ing up archly at David.

David Atwood had been at the His answer was involuntary: house about six weeks, she brought it down into the parlor, and at which used to grow in my mother's down to play. The young min garden," he said.

He slipped into a corner and sat ing quickly, she went to the piano down in his shy way, and was un- and, seating herself, played a light noticed until Dick Manchester, who |ir. was restless for mischief, called

and sing with us?"

"I do not sing," he said quietly. "Nor play?" asked Dick. "Only upon the violin," he ans-

Florence was thrumming her

guitar carelessly. "Won't Mr. Atwood let us hear him play upon his violin?" asked Dick, glancing slyly at Martin as if he were starting came. All awaited Atwood's answer with a certain degree of interest. .

"I have not used my violin since I came here. I will unpack it, and if none of the strings are broken, I will play," said Atwood; and he rose quietly and went out of the

"How could you say that, Dick? He probably plays execrably," said Miss Jeanette Manchester, Dick's

"I never knew a country bumpkin who hadn't a fantasy for a fid-dle," said Martin. There, he's coming back! Now if any one has fastidious musical sensibilities, I'd

sarise him to decamp." "I shall stay," answered Dick. "We'll all stay and see the fun," said Grove, sitting down by Miss dead, she was the heiress of their David came in. I began to un-property, and had a guardian. He derstand what was coming as he

had been in love with her mother, bent his head over-the violin and and was very jealous of the daugh- drew the bow highly across the ter's guardianship, treating her strings. In a moment he glided with arbitrary power, and teasing her quite as much as pleasing her light and graceful that it was like by his affection. Yet it was quite the fall of sea spray. Every eye exasperating to the young men to see her hanging on his arm, and he some in delight, some in troubled some in delight, some in the some in delight, some in the so a handsome bachelor of hardly forty. doubt, as if they could not believe He boarded at a hotel; she had their own senses, some in spleen or Mrs. Hawley's prettiest set of envy, and all in amazement. Asrooms. They were furnished by tonishment was the prevailing

> When he had finished the opera "Is there any tune you would

under her authority; and it was particularly like!" and he glanced but a short time after her arrival toward the side of the room where before every young man in the Florence Castleton sat, rather than house was markedly subservient to at Dick and Martin.

"Will you play the 'Phantom She was very pretty. Her hair Chorus' from 'Faust'? asked Florperfection. Air followed air. The sea show such a color, but seldom down his bow. A chorus of eulogistic change like the sea, from blue to tade followed, but David Atwood gray and black and Tyrean purple; smiled only at Florence Castleton's

"We thank you!" He left the room. A little while after, I went through the hall and

little episodes she occasioned in ed as all with your performance, He smiled. "I learned to play to please a lit-

"Since she died, I do not gare to play much, although I love Just then Florence Castleton flitand I began to think no one was ted by and went up the stairs. I

> "Do you think she liked it?" he said, with amusing simplicity and "Yes, I am sure she did," I an-

"She's pretty; isn't she?" said he, He sighed. "Good night," I said.

"Good-night," he responded, and went into his room. I smiled at my thoughts as I let

most of his evenings in the office where he was employed, never went to theatres or the opera, and Atwood was in love with Miss possessed not the slightest style of Castleton. She divined it swiftly, and I thought it did not displease Yet I noticed him, from the first her. The others rallied her, but as having a face of great sense and she put off their jests lightly, and E. G. Folk will visit L rummondtown every County ourt with a full and choice line of samples of suitings, pantaloonings, &c., of the newest and latest designs of hone and foreign manufacture.

as naving a lace of great sense and kindness,—a face pleasant to see, having so much seriousness and strength with its youth. Yet it was very plain, the thin, light hair falling lankly about a large pale it was altogether beyond his plain, forelead, the evelvows being all passionate heart to discusse his

His smile was sweet and pleasant; be brought her a chair in an awkhe looked good; and many a time ward hurry, I saw him tremble like I have turned from the shallow a left under her beautiful eyes. brilliancy of Fred Grove and the The were together that evening, rattling gayety of Dick Manchester with three or four others in the par-

"Miss Castleton," said a pretty little school girl, who idolized Florence for her beauty, after the man The others laughed at him—he of school girls, "your eyes are just was so shy and awkward and bash- moon beach, where I saw it last

> Miss Castleton laughed. "They are like summer skies," said Charley Childs. "I swear that they are just like

"They are like the blue larkspur

the binding of Owen Merideth, in

gathered around to sing with he. Florence Castleton blushed; it Young Martin sang very well, and Charley Childs sang better. When they were singing David Atwood they were singing David Atwood they met theeyes of her guardian, Mr. Gray, who was present, Ris-

That night a clang of fire bells "Mr. Atwood, won't you come coment, until I suddenly perceived te odor of smoke. Rising quickly, I pened the door. The hall was filed with smoke and there was cafusion in the house. The cry of "Ire! fire!" arose.

ing this, there came a quick step break flings its "m rning glories" on the stairs, and a voice crying of blooming cloud across the arch- friends, be not be deceived. There the landing. I opened my door,

from 3 to 6. It was a servant. "Oh come down, for heaven's sake," cried she. The back part third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock, look through the broken win low

roof, inside!"

house from the front. Forbs, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Miss They have stood and hummered twenty-four hours. You say: "Why do but the beg". They are exhausted with the tay of they get nothing. You say: "Way work. They are mostly cheerful."

"God have mercy," cried the With appetites sharpened on the to the almshouse!" Ah! you would Irish girl, "but I don't think Miss swift turner's wheel and the car- not ask that if you ever heard the Oh! what'll I do?"

up the stairs. "Go down!" he cried to me as he

sprang past me. the two halls, a volley of smoke merchants are unharnessed thein - helps them. Through their night ively that he had gone for Florence lock up are heaving away at the dow-pune they see the crystals of Castleton, and that she would im shutters, shoving the heavy bolts, heaven; but the vicious pior, they mediately be safe.

Down stairs people were carry gled with much a tive energy, pre- bargain making. vailed. The fire engines were com to go across the street, to the house earned their bread, and are now on who are suffering. of a friend, finding that I could be their way home to get it. keeping, while she wrapped two liles." little shivering forms in shawls, carriage for a friend's house.

with a pile of valuable clothing.

where is she!" he cried:

overpowered by the smoke. She filled with all gracefulness of ap

clasped closely to his breast.

jured, and rendered untenantable mades. The dashing span adrip barren beach. On! Heavenly Shepuntil repaired.

with the foam of the long country herd, fold that little one in Tay until repaired. It was spring, and I went out of ride, rushes past as you halt at the arms. Wrap around your shawl or

the following letter:

town, but that summer I received carbstone.

there was a pretty state of affairs third watch has begun. mother, and he gave right up and car in the distance, and the baying such homes, and the worst time let her marry Atwood. I wasn't at of the dog. The stamp of a horse the third watch of the night. the wedding; she was married at in the next street. The slamming Do you know it is in this third the Gray's country seat, and they of a saloon door. The hiccough of watch of the night that criminals say that the bride wore blue lark- the drunkard. The shrieks of the do their worst work! It is the spur in her hair. Horrid taste, and steam whistle five miles away. O, criminal's watch.

"J. MANCHESTER."

I smiled. I was very glad.

Sermon of Rev. Dr. Talmage.

needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of off of the coverlid must be resisted, were born in a thieves' garret. the metropolitan spleudors, or ene mies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night must go up from heart soon to be long on top of the wall and in front broken. of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in

flung on a wrapper, drew on the alarm; and whether it be in the refreshing slumber roll over the [CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

my slippers, and commenced put- first watch, in the second watch, in heart of the great town, submergting my most valuable papers into the third watch, or in the fourth ing care, and auxiety, and worrimy writing desk. Waile I was do | watch, to be vigilant until the day | ment and pain.

the names of all those who slepton ing trellis of the sky.

the landing. I opened my door.

The ancients divided their night not sleep at all. Go up that dark and saw for the first time that the into four parts-the first watch, alley, and be cautious where you door of all the other chambers was from 6 to 9; the second from 9 to 12; tread, lest you fall over the pros-

Castleton is out! I've not seen her! penter's whetstones, they seek the bitter cry of a man or a child when Just then a figure came leaping broken away from the counter, and "O!" you say, "they are victors of figures, and the whims of those deserve our symp thy." Are they He flung open the door between mother, or wife and child. The your pity. The Christian poor, God poured out, and I retreated. It was selves from their auxieties, on their there twinkles the round, merry star David Atwood I knew instinct- way up the street. The boys that of hope, through the broken winand taking a last look at the fire to are more to be pitied. Their last see that all is safe. The streets light has gone out. You excuss

The ballroom is resplendent with was halfdressed; her beautiful gold parel with all sweetness of sound,

ried to the hotel where Mr. Grey treating.

the following letter:

"MY DEAREST HESTER:—I've magnificence mingle in the great Strike another

third watch of the night! rying a scuttle of coal to that poor Watening on either side for the p)

T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. took for his text this morning: "Watchman, what of the night?" Isaiah xxi, ii. He said:

When night came down on Baby lon, Nineveli and Jerusalem, they lon, Nineveli and Jerusalem, they londer the said watcher, for the medicines must be made and the first third watch of the might are must be must b

O, the third watch of the night! by the police club. They began by What a stupendous thought-a robbing boy's pockets, and now

air, save as some passer by raised the question: "Watchman, what of the night?"

It is to me a deeply suggestive and solemn thing to see a man standing guard by night. It thrilled through me, as at the gate of an arsenal in Charleston, the question once smote me: "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command: "Advance and give the countersign." Every moral teacher stands on picket, or patrols the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm; and whether it be in the

will be thousands to-night who will open, and the occupants had fied. the third from 12 to 3; an I the fourth trate form of a drankard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, I speak now of the city in the lest you fell the garroter's hag; of the house is after from cellar to I never weary of looking upon pane and see what you can see .the life and brilliancy of the city in You say: "Nothing." Then liste 1 .-There were doors in the halls the first watch. That is the hour What is it? "God help us!" No shutting off all the back part of the when the stores are closing. Their footlights, but tragely ghastlier and laboring men, having quitted the mightier than Ristori or Edwin "Are all out?" I asked, flinging scaffolding and the shop, are on a clock around me, and taking up their way home. It rejoices me to fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering my precious writing desk. "Miss give them my seat in the city car, in the cold, they have no food for

> evening meal. The clerks, too, have told he must go to the a'mshouse. with brain we my of the long line poor, and, therefore, they do not who go a shopping seek the face of victous? So much more need they

ing out furniture, and the greatest are througed with young man, set | yourself from helping them by sa: confusion and consternation, min- ting out from the great centres of ing they are so bad, they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, Let idlers clear the street, and where I give ten prayers for the ing rapidly up, and a great crowd give right of way to the besweated innocent who are suffering I will was gathering. I was preparing artisans and merchant! They have give twenty prayers for the guilty

The fisherman, when he sees a of no use there, when my attention | The lights in full jet hang over vessel dashing into the breakers, was attracted by the form of Mr. ten thousand evening repasts -the comes out from his hut and wraps Grey rushing into the hall, at the purents at either end of the table, the warmest flunels around those same instant that Mrs. Blake put the children between. Thank Gol, who are most chilled and most her baby into my arms for safe "who setteth the solitary in fa a - braised and most battered in the wreck; and I want you to know A few hours later, and all the that these vicious poor have hal preparatory to putting them into a places of amasement good and bid, two shipwrecks shipwrecks for are in full tide. Lovers of art, est- time, ship wree's for evernity. Pity, Mr. Grey caught the arm of Mrs. alogue in hand, stroll through the by all means, the innocent who are

Hawley, as she flow down stairs galleries and discuss the pictures; suffering, but pity more the guilty. Pass on throughout the alley. -"Miss Castleton! Mrs. Hawley, the rich apparel of those who, on Open the door. "Oa," you say, "it either side of the white, glistening is locked. It has never been 1) :-"I don't know! I don't know!" boards, await the signal from the ed. No burglar would be tempted she exclaimed desparingly. "Some orchestra. The footlights of the to go in there to steal anythin ; one went for her. I have not seen theatre flash up; the bell rings, and The door is never locked. Only a the curtain rises; and out from the chair stands against the door .-Mr Grey interrupted her with an gorgeous scenery glide the actors, Shove it back. Go in. Strike a oath, and sprang to the stairs; but greeted the vociferation of the ex- mutch. Now look. Boastliness at that moment the figure of Da- pectant multitudes. Concert halls and rags. See those garing evevid Atwood emerged from the are lifted into enchantment with balls. Be careful now what you smoke on the stairway, with the the warble of one songstress, or say. Do not utter an insult, do not sensele s form of Florence Castle- swept out on a sea of tumultuous att. Lary suspicion, if you value too in his arms. She had appare feeling by the blast of brazen in What is that red mark

rently fainted with fright, or bean struments. Drawing rooms are on the wall! It is the mark! It is the mark of a murderer's hand. Look at those two eyes rising an hair swept over David's arm, and with all splender of manner; mir out of the darkness and out from her white unconscious face was rors are catching up and multiply- the straw in the corner, coming ing the scene, until it seems as if toward you, and as they come near They carried her out into the air, in infinite corridors there were gar- you your light gies out. Strike and she soon revived, and was car-landed groups advancing and re- another mutch. Ah! this is a bube, not like those beautiful children The outdoor air rings with laugh | presented in baptism. This little The fire was finally extinguished, ter, and with the moving to and fro one never smiled; it never will but the house was very much in of thousands on the great prome- smile. A flower fling on an awfully

your coat tighter, for the cold win't Strike another match. Ah! is it such news to tell you! Florence metropolitan picture, until the possible that that young woman's Castleton has married that horrid, thinking man goes home to think scarred and bruised face ever was awkward David Atwood, who is a more seriously, and the praying looked into by maternal tenderness fright, if he does play beautifully man pray more earnestly.

On the violin. It seems that he A bautiful and overwhelming word. No ray of hope has dawned saved her from the fire, and she thing is the city in the first and on that brow for many a year. No went into a passion of gratitude, second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes 12, and the orow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It for that aristocratic Gray, who is The thunder of the city has rolled would be mockery to kindle another more than half in love with Flor-ence himself, I believe. But they cut the night with such distinct-out and pass down the street. Our say that Florence said to him, ness as to attract your attention .- cities of Brooklyn and New York Dear guardian, remember my The tinkling of the bell of the street and all our great cities are full of

how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

At half-past 8 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon. There are honest men passing up but toward 12 o'clock they go to and down the street. Here is a their garrets, they get out their city missionary who has been car- tools, then they start on the street. family in that dark place. Here lice, they go to their work of dark-BROOKLYN, May 15.—At the Tabernacle this morning, there were the same great throngs of prople as usual, overflowing the main andience room in the street. This, ten the first born. Here is a min light on the sky and a cry of "Fire!" This is an arrange of the store will be a light on the sky and a cry of "Fire!" This is an arrange of the store will be a light on the sky and a cry of "Fire!" This is an arrange of the sky and a cry of the the largest church in America, is ister of religion who has been giv- Fire!" This is an assassin, and tomore and more inadequate to hold ing the sucrament to a dying morrow morning there will be a the people, as the years go by. All Christian. Here is a physician dead body in one of the vacant lots. parts of the earth are represented passing along in great baste, the During the daytime these villians at every service. The pastor, Rev. messenger a few steps ahead, hur- in our cities lounge about, some

ging the brow of their father, struck

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APPLE, PEAR, CHERRY, PLUM and QUINCE TREES of every kind that are best adapted to the peninsula. BLACKBERRY and RASPBERRY Large assortment of GRAPE VINE,

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dealers in REAL ESTATE

TOWN HALL, Where we will be pleased to see And the blossoms' and perfume our old friends, and new ones too.

Do not imagine that on account of

May shall make the bud appear the fire we have nothing but fire Like a jewel, cry-tal clear

DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS.

The ladies will please make a note of the fact that we are now

She was a living romance he- met him. oine, and I used to observe the "You have surprised and delightthe house, with the expectation Mr. Atwood, I said. that she would finally occasion some serious rivalry or elopement, or break somebody's heart, and so the sick sister I had once, he angive me the material for a story .- swered. But for several months she pursued the even tenor of her pretty music.' way and brought no one to grief,

There were four young men in directness. the house, Charley Childs, Fred Grove, Leonard Martin and Dick sarad. Castleton's galaxy of beaux, and one's lover. His name was David down my hair before my dressing Atwood. He was a book keeper, glass. Yet it might prove hardly of the smallest of Mrs. Hawley's love with Florence Castleton, the side rooms, spent all his days and beauty and heiress.

forehead, the eyebrows being alpasionate heart to disguise his most imperceptible, the eyes of a senitiveness in regard to her to observe David Atwood, quietly | lor. reading, with a sensation of relief,

to be "a good young man, ut so homely and awkward!"

they have come to dig the under-